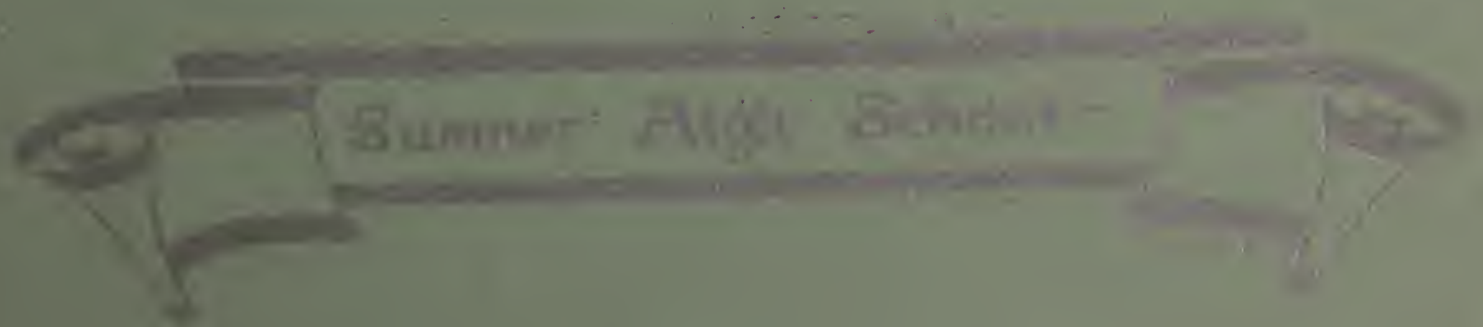


1931



Summer All School -

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THE ECHO



Vol. VII, No. 2

Sumner High School, Holbrook, Mass., June, 1931

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DEDICATION

This edition of the Echo is dedicated to the graduating class of 1931. This class, though quite small, has established a good record and a record they can be proud of in later years. It is with the deepest regret that we bid them good-bye. Good luck! Seniors.



SENIOR STATISTICS

J. MALCOLM ANDREW (Mal)

Maple Street

Hobby—Delivering the news

"Better late than never."

Activities: Senior Play; Class President, 1.

Mal, you'll remember, took the part of Bud Flannigan in the Senior Play, and did he bring down the house? He surely did. He has a habit of saying that he is not prepared in History and then answering more questions than anybody else. Some kiddier, what?

**MARION J. BEHAN (Skinny)**

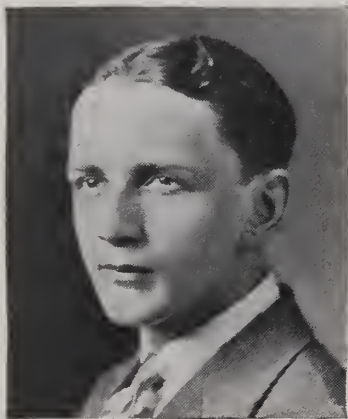
Pleasant Street

Hobby—Studying

"Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand."

Activities: Reporter, 4; Pro Merito Pin, 3.

If you've never heard Marion translate a passage from Latin, you don't know what you've missed. And that isn't all she can do, either. In most any class, when things are all going wrong, the teacher has only to call on Marion to set them right. Keep it up, Marion, we're for you.

**JOHN R. FEENEY**

Weston Avenue

Hobby—Camels

"Reckless youth makes rueful age."

If you believe all the yarns Feeney tells about his nocturnal exploits, you'll get the idea that he's one fellow who goes places and does things. Believe it or not, Feeney likes fairy stories—at least, he's always talking about Red Riding Hood!

**LILLIAN GEORGE (Lefty)**

Plymouth Street

Hobby—Talking about last night

"Modesty is a virtue."

Activities: Commercial Club, 4; Basketball Manager, 4; Senior Play.

Lillian is one of the three Seniors that believe in long dresses. As Mrs. Carol in the Senior Play Lillian certainly played the part of a very nervous matron who is to entertain the governor. Lillian and Inez are always conversing about the qualities of some member of the male sex.

**IMOGENE R. GODFREY (Gene)**

Pleasant Street

Hobby—?

"Oh! I would be wild and free."

Activities: Senior Play.

What does Imogene do for a hobby? Nobody seems to know. Gene is certainly going to miss those interesting recess periods. Harry and Norman are going to miss that bright and shining face of yours. I beg your pardon—you have just used your compact.

**BRUCE M. GRINDLE**

Weymouth Street

Hobby—Chewing gum

“To see ourselves as others see us.”

Activities: Class President, 2; Basketball, 4; Senior Play; Reporter, 4.

Bruce was the only Senior boy to make the basketball team. Congratulations! Where does Bruce get all the gum for Senior English periods? Does Bruce like being proposed to? Ask Flossie, she knows.

**E. EVERETT HAYDEN (Arky)**

South Franklin Street, Brookville

Hobby—Aviation

“He could sing like Caruso, both tenor and bass; he could play on his Spanish guitar.”

Activities: Echo, 3, 4; Editor-in-chief of Echo, 4; Class vice-president, 4; Athletic Play, 3; Senior Play; Pro Merito Pin, 3; Movie operator, 3, 4; Valedictorian.

The sage of the Physics class twangs a mean guitar, and have you heard him sing that little song with the long name and the 33 verses? Remember him in the “swallow-tail coat” in the Senior Play? He is the long distance eating champion of the S. M. L. S. P. Arky, by the way, is short for Archimedes.

**RITA M. HUTCHINS (Skeeter)**

Upland Street

Hobby—Alumni

“Here comes Patricia.”

Activities: Senior Play; Pro Merito Pin 3; Echo, 3, 4; Secretary, 1; Reporter, 4; Movie Operator, 4.

Rita appeared as an ideal heroine in the Senior Play. We hear that Rita intends to take up Home Economics at Amherst next fall. We know that Rita will make the rest of the class sit up and take notice of her in college. She is usually quite quiet, but don't excite her or she will “ring your dirty neck.”

**MARIAN D. JERVEY**

North Franklin Street

Hobby—Writing

“The pen is mightier than the sword.”

Activities: Echo, 4; Handicraft Club President, 4.

Marian is a quiet, modest little girl whom we all like. Her poetry is good—be sure to read it in this issue. She does good work in the Handicraft Club, too.

**ANNIE JOHNSTON (Arnie)**

North Franklin Street

Hobby—Athletics

“Buxom, blithe, and debonair.”

Activities: Basketball 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Echo, 4; Track, 2; Class Secretary, 3, 4; Association Vice-president, 4.

Annie during basketball season was much taken up with a Randolph youth. We are wondering if it will continue. Never mind, Annie, your typing and athletics are good, so cheer up. What about the “Funny Pictures” in History class?



DOROTHY A. MILLS (Millsie)

South Franklin Street

Hobby—Arguing with Harry Wiggins

"I will speak to you in a mighty little voice." ----

Activities: Class Treasurer, 4; Echo, 3, 4.

Can you tell us when Millsie and Harry are not arguing about something or other that appears to be of vital importance? Their favorite periods are the third period and recess.

HELEN E. MORSE

Hillview Avenue, Brookville

Hobby—Sophomores

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Activities: Echo, 4; Reporter, 4; Movie operator, 4; Class treasurer, 1; Class secretary, 2; Class vice-president, 3.

Helen just loves History—ask her if she doesn't! We'll give her credit for one thing—she always has an answer for every question. And another thing—she can say more in less time than any other member of the class. She likes Algebra, too; she has a lot of fun arguing about it with Jabe.



MARIETA REGAN (Rita)

South Franklin Street

Hobby—Teachers

"Gentlemen prefer blondes."

Activities: Echo, 2, 4; Class vice-president, 2; Track, 1, 2; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Head reporter, 4; Pro Merito Pin, 3; Senior Play; Treasurer of Students' Association, 4.

Marieta is one of the most important reasons why our girls' basketball team was a success. She played a great game at side center. You remember her in "Here Comes Patricia" as Mrs. Smith-Porter, the town aristocracy. She had a great time learning to use a lorgnette!

INEZ G. ROLLINGS

Center Street

Hobby—Discoursing

Activities: Athletic Play, 3.

Inez believes in making a short story long; she takes plenty of time with her recitations. She's quite fond of The Reader's Digest; she's welcome to it. Inez is the only southpaw in our class.



DOROTHY F. SHIPLEY (Dot.)

Upland Street

Hobby—Sewing

Activities: Reporter, 3, 4; Orchestra, 4.

Dorothy, we hear, is leaving for England very soon after graduation. I'll have to notify the Queen to keep a sharp watch on her bachelor princes. Dorothy is very busily collecting tinfoil the last two or three weeks.

**GERTRUDE SMITH (Gert.)**

South Street

Hobby—Typing for Mr. Neal

"Quietness is a virtue."

Gert is always busy; either talking to Inez Rollings, typing for Mr. Neil, or scratching her head for brilliant thoughts. This last appears only in History class, to our knowledge. It has been rumored that Gert loves walking. We hope she can someday beat Eleanora Sears' famous record.

NORMAN A. SMITH (Smitty)

Centre Street

Hobby—Tennis

"Speak softly but carry a big stick."

Activities: Class President, 3, 4; Treasurer, 2; Echo, 1, 3, 4; Reporter, 3, 4; Basketball Manager, 4; Senior Play; Pro Merito, 3; Association President, 4; Salutatorian.

"Al" Smith is the Senior "Book of Knowledge." If anybody wants to know anything they ask Norman. Smitty's pet ambition is to best Miss Bartlett in an argument. He certainly showed us some action as "Hero" in the Senior drama.

**FLORENCE M. TIBBETTS (Flossie)**

South Franklin Street

Hobby—Raising Cain

"Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Activities: Echo, 3, 4; Business Manager of Echo, 4; Secretary of Students' Association, 4; Senior Play.

The old school could never be the same without Flossie, as anybody will tell you. She has done a fine job as business manager of the Echo. Remember how she proposed to Bruce in the Senior Play? Let us give you a tip—don't ever make Flossie mad. It's dangerous.

DORIS L. WHITE (Dot.)

North Franklin Street

Hobby—Talking to Lucy Woodman

"You must seize time by the forelock."

Doris is very short but we believe in that famous old adage that goes something like this: "Good things come in small packages." Never mind, Doris, as long as you think you are big, you are big.

**HARRY J. WIGGINS (Jabe)**

Plymouth Street

Hobby—Being Different

"What the well dressed man will wear."

Activities: Echo, 3, 4; Reporter, 3; Athletic Play, 3; Senior Play.

Jabe is the recognized authority on fashions, both for men and for women, of our class. He made quite a reputation for himself as an actor as Professor Noah Jabb in "Alabama Bound," and he sustained it as Adam Wade in "Here Comes Patricia." We're glad he doesn't get mad off the stage like he does on it.



STOLEN JEWELS

A WELL dressed young girl slipped into a chair between two equally well dressed young men. Turning their heads, the two stared hard at the girl and then turned back to watch the dancer who was whirling about in mad circles as the music became wilder and wilder. When the dancer finished and walked from the floor, the pair turned to the girl with anxiety written in their hard eyes. "It's O. K.," whispered the girl, glancing quickly around the room, "We can pull the job at eleven easily."

"Well, what's the plan?" asked Red.

"When they are ready to close, Bill will walk in with his hat pulled down over his forehead; I'll stand look-out at the door; and, Red, you're to stay in the car and be ready to make a quick get-away," replied Millie.

"O. K. Let's go," mumbled Bill, and the three slipped from the place.

At a few minutes past eleven, the clerk glanced up to see a young man step into the salesroom of Heart and Still's jewelry store. He smiled a satisfied smile and approached leisurely. "What can I do for you, sir?" he asked in a well modulated voice.

"I would like to see some of your best diamonds. The more they cost, the better I'll like it," replied the young man.

"The poor sap's in love," thought he clerk.

As the door opened again, the clerk glanced up and smiled as he heard a young girl say, "Hurry up, Bill."

His smile turned to a look of amazement as a gun appeared in the man's hand, and the girl darted to the door. He turned a sickly yellow when Bill slid two trays of high-priced diamonds into a bag which the girl had given him.

"Don't move, or perhaps you'll never need to again," said Bill. "Come on, kid," he cried as he ran out of the door.

"See you later," called the girl to the clerk, and her mocking laugh echoed through the store as she slammed the door and jumped into the waiting car. Little did she realize how soon this was going to come true.

When the car had disappeared around the corner, the clerk made a dash for the telephone and excitedly told the operator to give him the police headquarters. He poured forth his story in quick

gasping breaths. The police sergeant slammed the receiver on the hook, and, calling for four other officers, ran from the place and jumped into the police car. He arrived at the store within fifteen minutes of the robbery. After questioning the clerk, he left the place and again entered the car. The siren screamed as the car gained headway on the trail of the big sedan which carried the three thieves.

As it was snowing and the left wheel of the sedan had a smaller tire on it than had the other three, the trail became easier and easier to follow as it left the thicker traffic and headed upstate. The siren had long since ceased to scream as it was no longer needed to clear the way.

It snowed harder and harder as the car began to enter the country district, and protection became less. It was becoming more and more difficult to see the tracks of the fleeing trio's car. Finally one of the officers exclaimed, "Aw gee, sarg., we can't even see the tracks any more."

"Well, stop the car, and look for them," snapped the sergeant. "This job is beginning to be a nuisance anyway."

"We've been chasing precisely nothing for some while; the tracks are not anywhere in sight, and we are the only ones to pass this way tonight," reported the officer.

"Humph! A fine bunch of trailers you two turned out to be," growled the sergeant. "Get busy and pick up those tracks."

With much difficulty, the car was turned around and headed in the opposite direction. The driver picked up as much speed as possible in such a storm. At last, they came to a tiny road leading into a wood. At a word from the sergeant, the driver swung the car into it. Soon the tracks of the pursued sedan could be seen. It was much easier to follow the tracks in this sheltered place.

"Turn off your lights and drive slowly now," called the sergeant, who was becoming excited as the hunt progressed. "All right now, stop the car and get out."

The five officers stepped from the car and began to creep towards a tiny hut which could be seen through the trees. At a word from the sergeant, the officers spread out so as to command a view of the hut from all sides. Within five feet of the door of the hut, the sergeant and two other officers

drew their revolvers and saw that they were well loaded.

"Ready, boys?" whispered the sergeant.

"O. K., chief," the two replied.

Then the three rushed the door and flung it open. As they had their guns drawn, the advantage was theirs. Red and Bill started to draw their guns, but Millie stopped them saying, "It's no use, boys. We don't want a cop's blood on our hands."

The other two officers came running up, and the three crooks were handcuffed; the bag of diamonds was secured from the table; and the group marched back to the cars. The three thieves were put into the police car with four of the officers, and the remaining officer was left to bring the sedan.

The jewels were returned to their rightful owners, and the next morning the newspapers told the public of the daring hold-up, and rang with praise of the brilliant capture of the trio of thieves by the fearless, persistent police sergeant.

Marieta Regan, '31.

REFLECTIONS OF A JUNIOR

TWO of the Juniors are outdoing themselves a little. They are passing us left and right in their new cars. Adrienne's got a Ford, and Felix has an Essex, but I'm willing to bet that the Essex has little chance of catching the speedy little Ford roadster.

The high school orchestra seems to have suffered a relapse. It is still going, but Sumner's professionalists have dropped out. There appears to be a fairly large one, though. Quite an army of recruits must have arrived on the scene with the advent of the freshman class.

All our movie operators moved out with the 1930 graduating class, so Mr. Neal applied to the Physics class for help. Nearly everyone in the class applied. At present, we have six steady operators divided into two groups, two boys and a girl to a group, who alternate in showing the pictures. The courageous girls are Rita Hutchins and Helen Morse. Two or three other girls are learning the art. You can't keep the girls down now-a-days.

Dear old Sumner is a dangerous place to be around, while our head scientist, Fred Kierstead, is anywhere near the laboratory. He unwillingly attempted to blow up the school. He simply dropped a few pieces of sodium metal into a jar of water. The water boiled and fumes spread around, but Miss Knutson, the heroine, took the sodium metal out of the water with a pair of long handled pincers. She sent for some kerosene and put the sodium metal into it. So you can thank her or curse her for saving Sumner from having a shock, which might have resulted in fallen arches and various other things. As soon as the danger was over, Miss Knutson brought a big chart into the lab with the title "Fire Prevention". One of the rules said not to put sodium metal into water, but in kerosene.

It's funny what strange things will happen. Boys and girls and men have played basket-ball for many years, yet I don't believe that in the history of Sumner did anyone get a broken nose. Of course, it's a small wonder that Ruth got hit, but under ordinary circumstances, it is unaccountable, that it should break her nose. That must be her weakness.

Oh yes, I don't believe that anybody will ever forget the little incident, which occurred in Stoughton when we were playing basketball there this winter. One of the Stoughton boys must have seen something in Mike's pocket. At any rate, that's what he grabbed, tearing a nice long piece out of poor Mike's pants, and to crown the situation, Mike had to walk the whole length of the floor, in order to find a seat. Mike can tell you when to be nonchalant!

A disaster occurred in the Junior class last winter, when their vice-president left them flat and went to Rhode Island. The cavity has been filled in the person of "Peanut" Ahern.

I see that the Juniors have their class rings. They look pretty good to me. The Juniors tell me that they paid five dollars for them. The other classes paid more, but we're having rather hard times now, so the Juniors can't expect to have the best. It looks like a good ring, just the same.

It's quite noticeable that we have a number of new dancers, this year. I couldn't help noticing this last winter, when the Senior Class had its annual play followed by a dance. Not as many Seniors were on the floor, in comparison, as there were Juniors, Sophs, or Freshmen. You can blame the arrival of the new dancers to Miss Gegan, who held a class in the El Es Ce Hall this past winter.

Believe it or not, Ernest Wiggins found a girl's address on the inside of a candy wrapper, asking for him to write to her, as she was lonesome. Ernest is rather bashful, but he declares that he's going to write.

One of the Junior boys has established the record for the greatest number of days tardy and absent. He's a professional at forgetting his notes from his mother (?). Miss Knutson offered him transportation, if he would be ready at half past seven, when she came along to school. Johnny, however, prefers to walk, seeming to get a great thrill out of getting into class about five minutes after the bell rings.

M. Andrews: How do you like my new hat?

Feeney: I wouldn't be seen in it.

Andrews: Don't worry. They have smaller sizes.

* * * *

Employer: Are you speedy on the typewriter?

A. Johnston: I'm so speedy I work on a water-cooled typewriter with an asbestos tape.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

FLORENCE MARSTON was reclining on a sumptuous divan in the beautiful drawing room of her mansion. Dressed in lounging pajamas, she was looking at the latest books on advanced French dresses. A sudden thought sprang into her piquant, little brunette head. Jumping to the floor, she thrust her tiny feet into a pair of pink satin slippers, and hurried to the desk in the corner of the perfectly square room. She pushed a button, flooding the room with light. After rummaging in a desk, she drew out of a bundle of letters a large bank envelope and hurriedly drew out a statement. "Nine million dollars is all that I own," she cried in sheer delight.

Florence called to her maid, "Jeanette, has my lawyer called here today?"

"No, Madam, but the treasurer of the Fifth National Bank called and said that he wished to see you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, at the bank."

"All right! By the way, tell James to get me the Financial Review immediately."

Florence walked slowly to the couch where she had been lying, and she was standing near it when James entered with the newspaper. Taking the paper, she asked for a glass of gingerale and some cookies. Glancing at the headlines, she became petrified with fear. "Fifth National Bank on Verge of Failure. Four day Run on the Bank Has Exhausted All But One Single-Deposit of Nine Million Dollars." She gasped for breath. "All my money will be lost." Reading a little further, she noticed that all other banks of the city had refused to help stop the run. "They are trying their best to ruin me." She gasped. "They shall not succeed."

The following morning at eight o'clock saw Florence at the main entrance to the bank. The door was immediately opened by an attendant, and she was ushered into the presence of the board of directors. "How do you do? Miss Marston! I can not say good morning because it is not to be for you. This bank closed its doors last night for the last time. As President of the board of directors I announce to you that there is less than five thousand dollars in the vault, and there are no assets. Hold! I know what you are going to say. The newspapers had a wrong story. Do you suppose any bank could stand a four-day run, and not close its doors? There has been a slow but steady run on this bank for four days. As I said, there is five thousand dollars, but that is needed to pay taxes, electric power bills, and employees wages that must be paid. I extend to you my most sincere sympathy and regret.

"Then, as it stands, I lose a cool nine million dollars."

"Yes, Miss Marston, a very large amount of money. But you are a young girl and can start over, while I am an old man. Fortunately for me, my wife has some money in-

vested in her own name; on this we can live in a very modest way."

"If that is all, I will leave you. Thank you very much for not notifying me of the run until the bank had failed. A nice set of financial advisers you turned out to be! Good day!"

Florence left the bank and drove to a very well equipped pharmacy and, after a short visit, she drove to her summer home at Hyannisport. Having fixed a hot meal for her, the caretaker, John, left the room to prepare a place for her to sleep that night. What a night it was to be!

About six o'clock John entered the main part of the house from the ell, and he soon became aware of the presence of visitors. Walking down the corridor to the room he had prepared for Florence, he heard and recognized the voice of a Hyannis physician. "And now, if you move her very carefully upon the couch, face down, we can try to eject the malicious poison from her stomach," was what John heard.

John opened the door to look on the strangest sight he had seen in many years. Death-white, Florence was being laid on the couch by a tall well proportioned blond man. "Why! Why! What's the matter? Doctor, What's happened? Is she dead?"

"No, she is not dead, but she has had a very close call. I believe you are the caretaker. Telephone my secretary to send two registered nurses here immediately. Also, heat some water and bring it to me. After you have telephoned my office, you may bring me some mustard, milk, and three or four fresh eggs. Quick now! A life depends on your speed."

John quickly telephoned to the doctor's office, and then he brought the specified articles to the doctor. The mustard and eggs were used as emetics to be doubly sure that all the poison was out of Florence's stomach. When the water was hot, John brought it to the living room, and, according to orders, he bathed the sick girl's arms and feet. The nurses stayed with Miss Marston four days, and then John and a farmer housekeeper did the housework and nursing.

All during Florence's illness the tall, blond man came regularly to pay her his respects.

At the end of six months Florence announced that the man, who had watched her take the poison, and then called the doctor, was to be her future husband.

Harry J. Wiggins.

Miss Maguire: An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known.

Who's that laughing in this class?

Voice from the rear: An anonymous person, Miss Maguire.

BILL'S EXPLOITS

BILL HARRISON, who was spending the summer at Popham on the bank of the Kennebec River, left his cottage with the intention of exploring and possibly making some interesting discoveries in his small motor boat. You could hear the cling-cling of his engine until long after he had disappeared from sight.

When some distance up stream, he heard shots from a near by island and quickly turned toward it, determined to find out what this meant. On nearing the shore, he saw a boy who was racing along at great speed followed closely by a man with a rifle which he repeatedly aimed at the boy and fired, although missing him each time.

Bill jumped ashore thinking only of rescuing the young chap from the hands of his enemy, but he had no sooner started towards him than he himself was tackled by a number of men. He was immediately bound, and thrown into a hut with no possible chance to escape. Later he was brought before what seemed to be the chief of the gang, who asked him what his business was in this particular territory. Bill replied that he was just hunting.

They took him and tied him hand and foot and locked him in the next room. The men then started a discussion as to what they should do with him. Some of them wanted to let him go, but others said he would give away their hiding place, so they decided to keep him until they had carried out their plans of robbing the bank.

Bill was kept there for two days, not seeing anyone except when he was fed, and then he was closely guarded; during this time, however, he was making his plans of escape.

All the next day the robbers continued to make plans for the robbery which was to take place the coming night. As night came on, Bill began to carry out his plans of escape. During the day he called for a glass of water, and purposely dropped the glass, which broke when it hit the floor. His captive kicked it angrily into the corner.

Before leaving, the robbers made sure that Bill was securely bound so there could be no possible chance of escaping; then they departed for the city. As soon as Bill thought they had got away from the island he rolled over to the corner where the broken glass was. After feeling around the best he could, he found the glass and proceeded to cut his bonds. He would cut a little, then the glass would slip, and inflict a cut on his arms. After receiving a number of cuts, he finally freed himself. Quickly he untied his feet, and without stopping to think about the wounds he had received, he made his way hastily towards the door. Finding it locked, he threw his weight against it. The door failed to give way under his weight so he took a heavy bar which he found among some rubbish in one corner of the room, and with a number of quick blows smashed the lock.

Bill now rushed out and down to the shore, where much to his dismay, his motor boat was gone. He quickly dived into the stream and swam to the opposite shore. When he reached the shore he started off on the run through the woods to the road. After a half mile run through the untraveled paths, Bill was quite exhausted when he reached the road, but when he thought of the robbers and the bank, it seemed to give him new courage, and he raced on down the road. Soon the lights of the city loomed up before him, and he never once faltered until he reached his destination. Rushing into the Police Station and yelling, "The Bank! Robbers"! he fell to the floor, unconscious from exposure and exhaustion.

When he regained consciousness, he was in his own home. The president of the bank came and told him that the robbers had been captured, and gave him a reward of one hundred dollars.

Later the state authorities gave him a reward of five hundred dollars for making possible the capture of a notorious band of robbers long wanted by states and counties.

Kenneth Stanley, '33.

JANE'S DREAM

JANE sat in the large Morris chair before the crackling fire place. A lamp on the table threw its rose rays on Jane's English book that she had in her lap. She sighed and began again. "A spar/row chirped/ a thirst-/ty song./ Now what rhymes with song? Poems ain't so easy to make up as I thought."

Jane became sleepy, and the next thing she knew, a little man popped up and said, "I am Mr. Line of a single foot. My children call me Monometer. My wife has two feet; she's Dimeter. Brother has three feet; Trimeter we call him. My sister has four feet, and we call her Tetrameter. My aunt has five feet, and her name is Pentameter. Mother has six feet, and Dad has seven feet; we call them Hexameter and Heptameter. Now poor grandmother, we call her 'Blank verse.' She has rhythm too."

Jane awoke with a start. "What an absurd dream I've had. I had better get to work, or I'll get a P. M. session."

"Now, let me see, every two lines can rhyme, and then I can have one that doesn't, and then two more that do. Or I can have every other sentence rhyme.—Oh, what awful stuff poetry is!"

Frances Ahern, '32.

E. Mann: I've fired my chauffeur. He nearly killed me four times.

H. Wiggins: Oh, give him another chance.
* * * *

R. Whitcomb: It was kind of you to give me this dance.

C. Jervey: Well, this is a charity ball.

HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE

HARLEQUIN and Columbine were cosmopolitans. They danced in Vienna, Copenhagen, and Paris, and were now in Moscow.

It was revolution time in Russia, and the city of Moscow was a magnet for the communists. Everywhere one went one would see a thin, mad looking man on a crazy box addressing and declaiming to a crowd of excited bystanders.

Harlequin and Columbine were much too silly and frivolous to be at all interested in such heavy and serious matters, and would probably look blank as if they had never heard the word if you spoke to them of the communistic plan or Russian wheat monopoly. They had spent their life flitting from one gay capital to another and would be leaving Moscow now if it were not for the fact that their financial resources had become very low through living too near the center of the city and Columbine's fondness for bonbons.

Finally this sedition came to a head, and war was declared. All foreigners were very firmly and not too politely requested to leave the country, and all able-bodied Russian men were compelled to bear arms in the army.

Harlequin and Columbine did not worry about being deported. In fact, it never entered their minds as they continued their nightly appearances at the Play House where audiences were becoming smaller and smaller and more unresponsive. Indeed they were as light-hearted as ever.

But both Harlequin and Columbine had forgotten the fact that they were Russian citizens until it was brought forcibly to their minds by communist officials. Harlequin joined the huge army and was lost among the crowd. Columbine returned to her hitherto forgotten home in the monotonous Russian steppes, where she stayed with three Russian peasants for servants while her father was away leading the Cossacks on their ransacking maraudings. She was lonesome for Harlequin and spent long days morosely toasting marshmallows before the open fire.

Then one day word came to the lonely manor that the great Cossack leader had been slain in battle, and Harlequin had been court-martialled and shot for insubordination. Poor Harlequin, the clown, was not cut out for the army.

Columbine went back to her public, to the stage. Sometimes in the audience Harlequin's happy laugh would ring out. And, although the excellence of the performance on such evenings was always testified in the morning papers by the critics, Columbine was never happy again.

Marion Jervey, '31.

Mr. Walsh: Who was Homer?

J. Sullivan: The fellow who made Babe Ruth famous.

A WARNING!

ALONE house in the woods! It is a large, barn-like affair. The windows are grimy and broken. The shutters flap dismally in the wind. The trees cast lurid shadows on the house. The moon sheds a ghastly green light over all. The dilapidated old porch creeks dismally as a tall, thin, waving figure groans and creeps up the stairs. The door opens mysteriously and it enters. We follow.

The "thing" is seen going up the dusty, old stairs. Everything but the stairs is dark. These are covered with a livid, red light. We follow. It sharply turns a corner. We follow! Our eyes must be deceiving us. It has vanished. We step cautiously down the dark, dismal hall. We light a candle. Suddenly! A ghastly, ungodly moan is heard! Then a shriek! Another! Then silence! When we regain our courage and look around, we shiver with fear. One person is missing! We turn, bolt down stairs for the door. As we turn the corner, a cold, clammy, wet wind blows out our candles. Frightened and in the dark, we cling together. A long, low, wierd moan is heard rising up to a shriek and then dying away, only to begin with increased volume.

We have been here a long while now. "Look!" The old grand-father's clock was bathed in a very cold, blue light. Over it hung a horrid yellow face. The door of the clock slowly opened! A white-clad figure slowly floated out! Screech after screech was heard. We turned and ran for the door. It stuck! We looked over our shoulders and there a hideous figure with a horrible face was coming after us. Oheehohee! Ohmeho-ho! Hah! Hah! Hah! The hideous screeches rent the air. With a final tug the door came open. We fell headlong into the arms of a horrible, faceless monster who carried us back to the house. I let out one shriek! And with that shriek I awoke and found myself on the floor with my lovely dream rudely interrupted.

But a lesson was learned from that visit and, I impart it to you, so you will not visit the faceless monster's home. Here it is! Never, never eat ice-cream and pickles before going to bed.

Leslie Thorud, '33.

There was once a young boy they called
Bob,

And they say he was out of a job;
So he stepped in the car
And went hunting afar
For the women, his favorite job.

There is Mike, a boy whom you know.
It is said he was quite all the show
For one night he did tip
And his pants took a rip
For poor Mike wasn't slow! Oh no!

GOLD HUNTERS

ONE hot morning in July, 1857, John Herman and Jack Delphry with several others were riding through the Chicopee Valleys where most of the time the Indians were having their councils. While they rode along, they sang cowboy songs, each in turn, and then a conversation would rise among them.

When noon came, the boys made a fire and cooked their dinners, and practised lassooing a post until off in the distance they could see smoke signals.

"Those Chicopee Injuns are after us again," said Jack.

"Yes! and it looks as though they were going to surround us. Look in back," said one of the others. And off on the opposite mountain they could see the answer to the other signal.

"Let's get a move on," said John as he felt for his guns and jumped on his horse.

"We had better stick together while the sticking is good," shouted Harry, who was another member of the crowd.

After riding for quite a while, they could hear the hoof-beats of the Chicopee horses and the beating of their drums.

"They are coming and hot on our trail, too," said John as an arrow whizzed by his head and stuck in a tree which was near by.

"Get your guns!" he shouted as another took off his hat.

He turned around just in time to see an Indian draw his bow, John fired, and the Indian fell to the ground, his arrow going into the air.

"There goes one of 'em", shouted John as Harry fired and sent the chief to the ground. "Turn around on your horses, the rest of you guys, and fire at them."

All at once a shower of arrows came whizzing by the crowd as the Indians departed in another direction. One arrow pierced Harry's back, and he fell to the ground. The boys, stopping as if by magic, fired at the same time until their guns were empty.

They went over to Harry who was groaning. They got the arrow out of his back and put him on a soft bed of pine needles where his head was placed in John's arms.

"I guess this'll be all, boys," he said as he grasped for breath. "I hope you will have luck in finding gold. Will you please tell my sister how I died?" and his head dropped over—He was dead.

"Well," said Jack as the tears rolled down his face, "he was a good pal".

Later they dug a hole and had a regular cowboy funeral. They placed a board where he lay with his name on it.

When they saw his sister, they told her how he died very bravely after a fight with the Chicopee Indians.

Three years later the boys discovered gold which was worth a million dollars.

"Gee!" said Jack, "I wish old Harry were here now."

Gordon Whitcomb, '33.

WORLD BROTHERHOOD

How different the world is today from what it was in 1620 or even in 1776, when America declared her independence. To the people of that age, it was a great event to visit a relative or a friend in a neighboring village. All transportation was done by horse and carriage or by oxen and wagons. People of different classes lived in different places; people of different trades lived by themselves; in fact, everybody kept pretty much to himself, at home away from society. As years passed and civilization progressed and advanced, the steam-train, telegraph, steamship, and many other devices came into daily use. With the advent of the twentieth century science has progressed so rapidly, that it is hard to realize that a little over twenty years ago, radios, automobiles, and airplanes had not come into existence. Where radios were a novelty, now they are seen in almost every home. The telephones and telegraphs have made communication between distant places a common occurrence. Airplanes, trains, and modern ocean liners have made transportation to the remotest corners of the world a simple thing. Mussolini spoke to the Italian people, and we listened to him over the radio. King George spoke to the Indian Conference; we heard him over the radio in our homes.

All these things have helped to draw the people of every nation together in closer bonds of brotherhood. People understand each other better because of communication with each other and listening to each other's views of world affairs. The League of Nations and the World Court are two organizations which facilitate friendly relations of understanding between the people of the different nations.

Even the youths of the world have their organizations, the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A. all of which have members from every nation in the world. Their goal is to promote world brotherhood which means world peace.

In one of the magazines published for boys, called "The Open Road for Boys", I found a list of boys from every country on the globe, who wish to correspond with American boys. In the list were boys from thirteen to twenty-three years of age. The magazine encouraged correspondence with these boys, even offering prizes for those who wrote a certain number of letters and got a certain percent in reply. Then, there is a large prize of a trip abroad to visit the boys with whom the winner has been corresponding.

All these things promote friendliness between the numerous nations and races of the world. There can be but one result to all this, and that is world peace.

Emory Mann, '32.

F. Tibbets: What would you give for a voice like mine?

L. George: Chloroform.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

How many of you have played basketball? Not many, I'll bet. Of course, there are the regular players of both the boys and the girls' teams, but, the rest of you have scarcely laid hands on the ball.

The other night, Sumner's team was way behind; the score was something like 24-4. There were a large group of fellows and girls on the stage and many more in the balcony. All during the games only one cheer went up for our teams, except when one of our players got a basket. Trying to induce the fellows to cheer for the teams proved futile.

The scores piled up fast; everybody became pessimistic. They took it for granted, that we were going to be beat, so they did not try to help us out any. They expected us to play and cheer ourselves, to keep up the enthusiasm of the game. That's quite impossible.

How fickle the crowd is! If you make a lucky shot, or get a break, the crowd is all for you. You're the hero of the hour. But it is of the moment, only. If you fumble the ball or make a bad pass, you're the worst player on the court; you ought to be kicked out!

It is just the same with the cheering.

"What's there to cheer for?" "Wait until someone gets a basket!" and many similar excuses were made. It resulted in no cheering, whatever.

Say, if you knew how much encouragement a little cheering gives us who play, you would be yelling and cheering all night. Now, why not give the team a little encouragement. Let them know that you're all for them. Don't "boo!" them if they make mistakes. You couldn't do half so well yourself. Give us a cheer. Help us win the game.

Emory Mann, '32.

CHEATING YOURSELF

Now folks, get your minds in good working order and think this matter over. Have you, or have you not cheated yourself during your school career? How many can say they haven't? I'll guarantee there are not many.

Maybe one night you wanted to go to some entertainment, and you did not have time to do your home lessons. Instead of going a little late and getting your lessons done, you tell your mother you will get up early in the morning and do them. Of course you are too tired to get up when morning comes, so you say to yourself, "I'll copy my work from Mary. She always gets good marks." About eight o'clock you run to school in hopes that you can get your lesson done before class.

Yes, and there is another thing to consider which comes to your mind as you run up the stairs. You had new work yesterday, and you are copying Mary's paper, not knowing a thing about the work, and again you say to yourself, "I don't care. I'll learn it to-morrow, but I must get a good mark

today." So, of course, you copy the work and pass it in as yours.

There is another way of cheating yourself. We'll say it is Friday, and it is the last day you have to get your contract done in typing so you begin looking at your fingers. Of course, you get an A contract. but is it an A to you? Why of course it isn't. You can't even learn to type looking at your fingers, and you know it, but still you continue to do it.

Now, folks, think this over again and see how much you have been cheating yourself during the year, and today make a resolution that you will try to avoid this unnecessary action in the future.

Alice Sullivan, '32.

SMART ENOUGH—IF

You frequently hear it said of someone that "He's smart enough, if he only wanted to be" It's the people whose friends say that about them that I want to discuss.

It is a question in my mind as to how far such a statement can be true. How smart is a person who isn't smart enough to use his brains? I wonder. What are brains given to you for? To use, of course. Now, if a person doesn't know enough to use the powers given to him, he can't be so very smart, after all.

Along about examination time, you are likely to hear a conversation like this: "What did So-and-so get in his exam?" "Oh, he got P, but he could have done better if he'd had a mind to study". I've heard that many a time, but I always take it with a grain of salt. That's not my idea of smartness.

You fellows who are "smart enough, if you only wanted to be", it's you I'm hitting. You who talk that way about them, it's you, too. You know who you are as well as I do. You must have a hazy conception of smartness if you consider it smart to get a mark which is not the best possible. Plain laziness, that's what it looks like to me. Another name for it is indifference. Are laziness and indifference characteristics of high mental capacity? Hardly.

Give a little more credit to the student who honestly studies and gets the best mark he can, and a great deal less to the "smart" fellow who is too lazy to do his best. That's only fair. No man can do better than his best, but any blockhead can do worse, and a lot of them do. They, however, are not the people who are going to get ahead.

N. A. Smith, '31.

John Feeney: I got a hundred today.

M. Andrew: What in?

J. Feeney: Fifty in history and fifty in English.

* * * *

Miss Murphy (in orchestra): What key are you playing in?

Eaton: Skeleton key.

Miss Murphy: Skeleton key?

Eaton: Yes, it fits anything.



HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY

High Honor, A: Seniors: Marion Behan, Everett Hayden, and Norman Smith; Juniors: Myrtle Rollings; Freshmen: Ruth Hill, and Dorothy Hobart.

Honor, A. and B: Seniors: Rita Hutchins; Juniors: Frances Ahern, Ruth Churchill, Carol Coulter, Robert Crosby, Clinton Leonard, and Dorothy Sawyer; Sophomores: Dorothy Andrews, Ruth Bettencourt, Barbara Brooks, Lucy Cartullo, Pearl Gilley, William Hutchinson, Hope Leach, and Kenneth Stanley; Freshmen: Marion Davison, Grace Kelley, Florence Mitchell, Rita Moran, Lillian Soderblom, Robert Stanley, Anna Benvie, Gladys Egles, Helen Michaels, and Anna Morton.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH AND APRIL

High Honor, A: Seniors: Everett Hayden and Norman Smith; Juniors: Myrtle Rollings; Freshmen: Marion Davison, Dorothy Hobart, Ruth Hill, and Helen Michaels.

Honor, A and B: Seniors: Marion Behan, Marieta Regan, Gertrude Smith, and Rita Hutchins; Juniors: Frances Ahern, Carol Coulter, Ruth Churchill, Christie Hayden, Ruth Higgins, Clinton Leonard, Francis Moran, and Robert Richardson; Sophomores: Ruth Bettencourt, Barbara Brooks, Pearl Gilley, William Hutchinson, Hope Leach, and Kenneth Stanley; Freshmen: Grace Kelley, Florence Mitchell, Rita Moran, Lillian Soderblom, Robert Stanley, Phyllis Stevens, Rolf Casperson, Gladys Egles, Frederika Rollings, Virginia Poole, Marguerite Rayner, and Ruth Smith.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President,	Norman Smith
Vice-President,	Everett Hayden
Secretary,	Annie Johnston
Treasurer,	Dorothy Mills



"HERE COMES PATRICIA"

Back row, left to right: Malcolm Andrew, Harry Wiggins, Bruce Grindle, Norman Smith, Everett Hayden, Coach Miss Megley. Front row: Imogene Godfrey, Helen Morse, Florence Tibbetts, Rita Hutchins, Marieta Regan, Lillian George.

HERE COMES PATRICIA

Is Friday, February 13th unlucky? Ask any member of the Senior Class, and you will receive a decided "no" for an answer. On this date the Senior Class presented the three act comedy "Here Comes Patricia," which was a huge success.

The leading roles were taken by Rita Hutchins, as Patricia Grayson; and Norman Smith, as Jimmy Clark. Rita, appearing first as Patricia Hammond, a pert, young thing, looked pretty snappy in her coveralls. In the second act she was a shy sweet thing very much in love with Jimmy Clark, and in the last act, the gracious daughter of the governor.

Norman Smith, as Rita's lover, certainly took his part well. We are of the opinion that there was some outside practice on some of those scenes.

The part of Elsie Crowder, an up to date young lady, who believed in going after what she wanted, was taken by Florence Tibbetts. Elbert Hastings, an English cousin of Patricia, happened to be what Elsie was after, and his part was well taken by Bruce Grindle.

Mrs. Carrol, the boarding house keeper in whose home the scenes were laid, was played by Lillian George.

The haughty Mrs. Smith Porter, society matron, was very well depicted by Marieta Regan.

Helen Morse played the part of Angelina Knoop, the country girl, who thought "Bud" Flannigan was "just grand."

The part of Minnie Knoop, Angelina's inquisitive cousin, was taken by Imogene Godfrey, who gave Angelina a great deal of competition for the favor of Bud.

Harry Wiggins kept the audience in an uproar, taking the part of Adam Wade, a hot tempered man, who was continually in an apoplectic rage.

Many laughs were created by Everett Hayden, as Tim Hopper, a lazy town character, who enjoyed aggravating Mrs. Smith-Porter.

The part of Bud Flannigan, Jimmy Clark's chauffeur, was taken by Malcolm Andrews, who after many attempts proposed to Angelina.

Between the acts candy was sold by the ushers, and Everett Hayden entertained with songs, accompanying himself on the guitar.

Dancing followed with music furnished by Sear's Orchestra.

H. Morse.

I'm a Sumner boy weary and worried.
I'm flunking, I'm broke, and I'm blue.
My girl friend just wired she's married,
And Neal says that I'll never get through.
My score on the mid-years' was rotten.
I've no hope for a Sumner Degree,
But still, with all else forgotten,
I'm the sap in the family tree.

HONORS

The valedictory and salutatory honors for graduation have been awarded to Everett Hayden and Norman Smith respectively. At the graduation exercises held in Holbrook Town Hall on June 24, Everett Hayden will speak on Aviation as Future Transportation and Norman Smith on New England. In former years it has been the custom to procure a public speaker to give an address. This year there is to be no speaker. Instead, two of the honor pupils will deliver essays. Rita Hutchins will speak on The Traffic of the Seas, and Marian Behan on Schools of Massachusetts.
Helen Morse, '31.

Friday January 23, Mr. Hawkes of Sampson & Murdock Co., gave a talk to the Commercial students on the use of a Business Directory. The Boston directory lists the streets of the city, the names of all men twenty-one years of age or over, and women in business, and tells whether the men are married or not. This helps the salesmen to find just the men they want to interview, and thus saves them time.

Mr. Hawkes told how the service of the Sampson and Murdock Co. is free to all. Directories from all cities and towns in United States and Canada are kept by them. If at any time you want to get a person's address you may do so through their office. Many thousands are given during the Christmas season.

He told an interesting experience with the manager of the Copley Plaza Hotel. This man was asked to cash a 200 dollar check for a person who gave his home address as of Dallas, Texas. The directory service enabled the Copley management to know that the address given was a vacant lot.

It was, taken as a whole, a very interesting talk.

AUDUBON SOCIETY

On January 9, an assembly was held in the high school hall. Norman Smith, president of the senior class, introduced the speaker of the day, Mr. Raymond L. Talbot of the Audubon Society, who gave a very interesting stereoptican lecture on "Birds and their Habits." He made his lecture very interesting by imitating many of the bird calls, and by telling humorous stories of different birds.

Miss Megley: Have you ever read "to a Mouse?"

Crane: No, how do you get them to listen?

* * * *

Felix: Do you do repairing here?

Owner: Yeah but not manufacturing.



"THE GHOST STORY"

Back row, left to right: Emory Mann, Fred Kierstead, Francis Moran, John Sullivan, Hugh Smith. Front row: Laura Blanchard, Adrienne McMurray, Alice Sullivan.

THE GHOST STORY

The Ghost Story, a one act play, was presented by the Junior Class, December 12, 1930 in the Summer High School Hall. This play was for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Instead of having the annual three act play, the sophomore and junior classes each presented a one act play. Francis Moran certainly deserves credit for his splendid acting in taking the part of George, a nervous, ardent lover. Adrienne McMurray as Anna, was our idea of what George's sweetheart should be, and Anna's chums, who would come in when George had summoned up all his courage and was about to propose. Well,—

The cast was as follows:

George	Francis Moran
Anna	Adrienne McMurray
Mary	Laura Blanchard
Grace	Ruth Dickerman
Lennie	Alice Sullivan
Lynn	John Sullivan
Floyd	Hugh Smith
Tom	Emory Mann
Fred	Fred Kierstead

The play is about a nervous young man, George, who is madly in love with Anna. George comes to call on Anna early in the evening. He is trying to propose to her, and he has almost done it when several friends arrive. Poor George! He tries every way imaginable to send them home, and at last he hits upon the plan of telling them a ghost story. He tells the story and succeeds in giving Anna hysterics. The guests depart, bringing the unwilling George with them, and Anna tries to settle down. In a few minutes George returns, and starts to propose again. Anna tries her best to help him out and breaks in with "Yes, George" every other sentence. George has almost succeeded when the door opens and Anna's friends cry "Yes George". The play ends well.

F. Ahern, '32.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President,	Francis Moran
Vice-President,	Frances Ahern
Secretary	Carol Coulter
Treasurer,	Ruth Johnson

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class held a meeting December 12 to discuss the matter of class rings. Mr. Neal's opinion was that we set a price. It was then voted to pay five dollars for the ring. The following ring committee was selected: Ruth Johnson, Lucy Woodman, Alice Sullivan, John Watkins, Emory Mann, and Fred Kierstead. At a class meeting on January 22, a seal ring was selected to be purchased from Peter's. The ring is yellow gold with Sumner written diagonally across the front and High School across the bottom. On the sides there are lamps of knowledge. On the left is 19 and on the right 32.

Gertrude Mitchell, '32.

JUNIOR PROM

On May 1, 1931, the Junior Prom was held in the High School Assembly Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated in blue and gold, the class colors. Balloons of various colors were hung about the hall, while potted plants and cut flowers were arranged on the stage. During the evening a balloon dance was held; this immediately put an end to all balloons. Music was furnished by Walter MacPherson's orchestra. The patronesses were Miss Damon, Miss Maguire, and Miss Collins. During the intermission refreshments were served by Frances Ahern, Charlotte Bachelor, and John Sullivan. At this time two tap dancers furnished entertainment. The Prom came to an end at twelve o'clock when everybody left for home after spending an enjoyable evening.



"NOT QUITE SUCH A GOOSE"

Left to right: Robert Martin, Edith Killen, Hope Leach, Margaret Huskins, Kenneth Stanley.

NOT QUITE SUCH A GOOSE

The Sophomore play entitled "Not Quite Such a Goose" was held Friday, December 12, in the High School Hall. This was for the benefit of Athletics and was coached by Miss Megley.

The very amusing plot involved many humorous incidents. The brother and sister fought and made up again, as natural as life. The mother worried and scolded until peace was restored. The hero was just perfect like any hero. The best friend of the sister was played to perfection. She sympathized with the harum-scarum brother, and finally reformed him into a perfect gentlemen by giving him a rose.

Hope Leach, as Mrs. Bell, played the part of the fond mother; Margaret Huskins was Sylvia Bell, the dainty sister and idol of Philip Flick's heart; Robert Martin was Alfred Bell, the horrid, in Sylvia's estimation, brother; the sympathizing friend was played by Edith Killen, as Hazel.

The parts were acted out wonderfully, and the actors and actresses were rewarded by a large audience. At the close of the play Merrill Randall presented Miss Megley with a bouquet of chrysanthemums from the cast.

Leslie Thorud, '33.

SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

The Sophomore Assembly, with the Class President, Robert Barnaby Martin, as master of ceremonies, was held on Friday, April 17. The program opened with a salute to the flag, followed by a selection by the High School Orchestra. Then President Martin introduced Mr. Christiansen, the Superintendent of Schools, who was the speaker of the day. After a short talk by Mr. Christiansen, the orchestra again gave a selection. Mr. Christiansen showed some

"home-made" moving pictures, which were highly amusing and interesting. These pictures were of Health Day, May 1930.

Wm. E. Hutchinson, '33.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President,	Robert B. Martin
Vice-President,	Ruth Bettencourt
Secretary,	Evelyn Koski
Treasurer,	Robert Harris

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President,	George Daly
Vice-President,	Dorothy Hobart
Secretary,	Ruth Hill
Treasurer,	John Smith

RECESS

Recess is here again at last;
O'er head the feet do travel fast,
Sounding like a battle's roar,
Walking heavily over the floor.

Swiftly pass the tumultous torrent
By every conceivable easy vent.
Most go to our gym, you see,
Where everyone is bound to be.

Why to the gym? We ask in wonder.
'Cause the eats are there. No wonder!
Soon long lines are formed to be served
And the exchange of money is heard.

Five minutes later, the line has gone.
The sides of the gym, the chatterers adorn.
Each with a sandwich or a piece of cake,
Either of foreign or domestic make.

It's great to see them all together,
And all be friends, one to the other.
But the greatest fun, that is for me,
Is to be among them, having paid my fee.
E. H. Mann.



ECHO STAFF

Top row, left to right: Ruth Hill, Leslie Thorud, Gertrude Mitchell, Marieta Regan, Grace Kelley, Frances Ahern, Marion Jervey. Second row: Kenneth Stanley, Ernest Wiggins, Norman Smith, Alice Sullivan, Annie Johnston, Francis Moran, Harry Wiggins, Hugh Smith. First row: Helen Morse, Rita Hutchins, Florence Tibbetts, Everett Hayden, Helen Kelley, Dorothy Mills, William Hutchinson.

FALL RIVER MEETING

Twelve members of the Echo Staff left on Wednesday, January 22, in two cars, for the January meeting of the League at Durfee High School, Fall River.

The trip down to Fall River was made without any mishaps, but, after entering the city, the fun began. In our car everybody but Hayden and me had a grand idea as to the location of the high school. We asked a policeman who directed us up the steepest hill in the city. The radiator boiled, and we had to stop halfway up. After having reached the summit of the hill, we asked directions of a post man who gave us very concise directions to the school.

On arrival at the school we were sent to the cafeteria for hot chocolate and crackers. The chocolate tasted good after our long ride on a cold day. After Florence Tibbetts registered for all, we went on an investigation tour. Fall River has a beautiful new high school.

The general meeting was called together at four o'clock. Principal Carrol welcomed us and then turned the meeting over to Mr. Brown, chairman of the League. After a few remarks Mr. Brown introduced a most interesting speaker, Mr. Bertrand K. Hart, literary editor and columnist of the Providence Journal. Mr Hart spoke about the very hard work a writer and journalist must expect all the time.

The usual departmental meetings were attended as follows: Advisory board, Miss Megley and Harry Wiggins; business managers, Florence Tibbetts and Hugh Smith; Exchange editors, Grace Kelly and Frances Ahern; literary editors, Norman Smith;

sports editors, Annie Johnston and Helen Kelly; art editors, Helen Morse; leaving Everett Hayden and Bob Martin to go to as many meetings as possible.

After the departmental meetings a short dance was enjoyed, and it was followed by a "swell" supper. During our supper of chicken pie, peas, mashed potatoes, ice cream and crackers, the Durfee High Band rendered selections.

The business meeting followed our repast, and this meeting, to everybody's enjoyment, was short and concise. The report of the recording secretary was read and approved, as was that of the treasurer. Prizes were awarded. A shield was given to the Abhis of Abington for the best magazine, and one to the Durfee Hilltop for the best newspaper.

For the evening's entertainment, a most enjoyable programme had been prepared. This programme consisted of A Midnight Fantasy; a dialogue of a modern girl and a girl of the early eighteen hundreds; A Russian Lullaby; Killarney, a play, the scene of which was laid in Ireland; Mysteries of Magic, a number which everybody will agree with me, was too short; and The Valiant, a play that was so well written and so well acted that most of our girls' handkerchiefs froze on the way home.

Harry Wiggins,
League Representative.

Mike: Did you get the letter I sent you during vacation?

Peanut: No, I didn't.

Mike: You didn't?

Peanut: No, and besides I don't like some of the things you said in it.

NORTH EASTON LEAGUE MEETING

Twelve representatives of the Echo attended the League meeting at Oliver Ames High School on March 18. At this meeting several very constructive ideas were brought forth.

The program of the day was as follows: registration from three to three forty-five; general gathering in the auditorium and address of welcome by Gilman H. Campbell; the several departmental meetings; address by Mr. Ernest De Kalb, Advertising Manager of Conrad and Company; supper; the business meeting followed by an address by Major Harold H. Gould, City Editor of the Boston Traveler; the entertainment.

The departmental meetings were attended by the following: advisory board, Miss Megley and Harry Wiggins; editors'-in-chief, Everett Hayden and Francis Moran; literary editors', Norman Smith; art editors', Helen Morse and Rita Hutchins; sports editors', Kenneth Stanley; business Managers', Florence Tibbetts and Margaret Huskins; and exchange editors', Frances Ahern and Gertrude Mitchell. From the art and sports editors' meeting came some exceptionally good points that the staff has taken action on.

Everybody without exception enjoyed the supper that was held in the school cafeteria. Hayden was our heaviest consumer, and how he did love to smell of those paper flowers. Then too during supper our signatures had to be affixed to the usual place cards.

During the speech, Mr. De Kalb instituted the Harvard system of questioning i.e., interrupting the speaker with a question. The same system was used during Major Gould's speech with much more success.

The evening's entertainment was universally enjoyed. It consisted of a cornet solo by Roy Gustafson; a reading of a one act play, "The Finger of God", by Mrs. N. Nevins; the two act sketch, "Follies", by some junior boys; and a one-act play "Not Quite Such a Goose" by the Dramatic Club.

Ever hear Hayden tell "fish" stories. Well, you should have been with us on the ride home!

League Representative,
Harry J. Wiggins.

THE MAY LEAGUE MEETING

The last meeting of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications for the current year was held at Whitman High School on Thursday, May 21. As usual, the Echo sent a strong delegation, which made the trip in the two old faithful conveyances, Miss Megley's Ford and Smitty's Pontiac. We arrived at Whitman High at 3.45, registered, and were shown around the building by guides. At a short general meeting in the auditorium, Principal Bagley welcomed the visiting delegates, and President Canavan announced the departmental meetings.

The meeting for Editors-in-chief was attended by Everett Hayden and Kenneth Stanley; Business Managers, Florence Tibbetts and Helen Kelley; Literary Editors, Norman Smith; Athletic Editors, Annie Johnston and Margaret Huskins; Exchange Editors, Grace Kelley and Dorothy Mills. Then came the Advisory Board meeting, attended by Miss Megley and Norman Smith. For those not attending this meeting, dancing was held in the gym.

At six occurred that ever popular feature—supper; and what a supper it was! There was meat pie, mashed potato, fruit cocktail, salad, rolls, pickles, coffee, and pudding, and the best thing about it was the service. We were served as we have never been served before. For once everybody got some of everything; there were no long waits between courses; and we didn't have to commit assault and battery on the waiters to persuade them to give us our dessert. Our Editor-in-chief successfully defended his title of heavy eating champion against all comers, and he survived, all predictions of his friends to the contrary.

Another general meeting followed, at which Mr. Brown announced the re-election of himself and Miss Brennan of Randolph as chairman and secretary of the Advisory Board. He also announced the newly elected officers of the league, who are as follows: President, Vincent Bissonette of Middleboro; Vice-President, Francis Broadbent, of Plymouth; Recording Secretary, Charlotte Lovering, of West Bridgewater; and last but far from least, Ernest Wiggins of Sumner High, treasurer. Many congratulations to the new treasurer, and may he never have a shortage in his books! The retiring president, John Canavan of Whitman was given a rising vote of thanks for his excellent work during the past year.

A telegram was read from the intended speaker of the evening, expressing his regret at not being able to be present. Another short period of dancing was held, followed by a very fine entertainment. The first number was a sketch portraying the difficulties of a fellow whose tires go bad when he is taking his girl for a ride. Pupils of the school entertained with impersonations of Ziegfeld's Follies dancers, Ruth Draper, Eddie Cantor, Helen Kane, Frank Crummitt, and Rudy Vallee. The program concluded with a one-act play.

The trip home was made without mishap, and the inhabitants of homes along the road from Whitman to Holbrook, were edified by some very fine harmony, free of charge.

N. A. Smith, '31.

League Representative pro tem.

G. Dyer (on dance floor) Gee, the floor's slippery tonight.

C. Jervey: No, I polished these shoes tonight.

ECHO ASSEMBLY

An assembly was held on Friday, January 16, with the Echo Staff in charge. The stage represented a broadcasting studio ECHO with Everett Hayden, editor-in-chief, and Francis Moran, assistant editor, as announcers. The program consisted of a salute to the flag by the audience;

followed by an orchestral selection by the school orchestra led by Miss Murphy, instructor in music, Grace Kelley, gave a reading, "When Ma Lost Her Pocketbook." "Ahoha" and "Juanita," were sung by a group from the Girls' Glee Club, accompanied by Miss Richardson on the piano. A violin duet, "Dream of the Shepherds", was given by Hugh Smith and Frances Ahern with Annie Johnston at the piano. Ivan Scavinsky Scavar, accompanying himself on the guitar. This was received so enthusiastically that he then sang "My Gay Cabelero." Then followed the presentation of the league pins to the members of the staff by Miss Megley, adviser of the Echo. The assembly was brought to a close by Everett Hayden signing off.

COMMERCIAL CLUB ASSEMBLY

The Commercial Club Assembly was in the form of a minstrel show with John Sullivan as interlocuter and Donald Crane, Joseph Callahan, Francis Walsh, Fred Fowler, Clinton Leonard, and John Walkins as endmen in blackface and tall silk hats and canes. The program began with a salute to the flag followed by "Mm Mm Mm, Would You Like to Take a Walk" by Johnnie Watkins; "Simply Delish", by Fowler; "My Baby Just Cares For Me", by "Jo" Callahan; "It Happened in Monterey", by Leonard; and "Crying Myself to Sleep", by "Duck" Crane with second renditions by the chorus. A number of good jokes were given at the expense of the teachers and pupils, and one of the features was a boxing bout between Leo Walsh and George Daley. Daley won. The Dempsey and Sharkey Bout from Miami was broadcast by Sullivan but became hopelessly mixed up with a church service, so the show closed with "Show Me the Way to Go Home" by the chorus and blank cartridge fired from one of the endmen's pistols.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE

- C. Jervey in a Baby Austin
- J. Sullivan with a shave
- D. Crane without a crease in his pants
- H. Smith with his hair mussed up
- H. Wiggins in a fist fight
- R. Martin without K. Stanley following him
- A. Johnston without a grin
- F. Kenstowicz driving a Mack Truck
- L. Thorud without her Geometry done
- R. Whitcomb with a gag in his mouth

ALUMNI NOTES—CLASS OF '30

Allan MacKinley is assistant manager of the baseball team at Wentworth Institute.

Robert Batchelder, Class of 30, has returned from Miami, Florida, where he had secured a job working in a store. He intends to go back again in October.

Basil Martin, class of 29, entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology in September 1929. He is now a Sophomore, and Sumner High School has received word from Technology that Basil is on the High Scholastic Rating List.

Claire Roach, class of 1929, has been graduated from Dr. Forsyth's School as a dental hygienist. She is now in the office of Dr. Weston of Brockton.

Myron Holbrook, class of 1930, has completed his course at the Radio School, and has successfully passed the state examination.

EXCHANGE

As it has been agreed upon to write letters giving criticisms upon the various papers in the League, I have received the following letters and criticisms.

The Sachem, Middleboro. "Keep Your Eyes on the Ball" is good and deserves praise. Your jokes are few but humorous. Your magazine would present a better appearance if the advertisements were placed together, either at the back or in the front of your magazine. Your literary department is quite complete. The heading on "Athletics" is unique.

Advocate, Needham. Your magazine is nice with your original jokes, interesting stories, and clever headings for your departments, but why not enlarge them? Don't you think a compact arrangement of your ads in the back of your magazine and a few cuts would make it "bigger and better?"

The Abhis, Abington. It would be wise to have a color other than white for a cover paper. You may well be proud of your literary department not only in its fineness of quality but also in its extensiveness. If the titles were more strongly emphasized, the stories would stand out better. To break the monotony of the printed page, the first letter of the opening paragraph of a story might be a decorated letter. The departmental headings are one of the most important parts of a magazine. If you have ads opposite a departmental heading, you are doing an injustice not only to yourself but to the advertiser. We have noticed you have a great deal of extra space. It is fine to fill in with School Notes, but we think the subscribers find it much more amusing if cartoons are used to represent the school news. Another good way to use extra space is to fill in with seasonal cuts. You might also extend your athletic department so that it would occupy more space. The Exchange and Alumni, both being small departments, might be grouped together so that neither one would have to be away among the school notes.



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back row, left to right: Miss Murphy, supervisor; Charles Eaton, Dorothy Shipley, Pearl Gilley, Emerson Lucas, Sisag Garabedian, Joseph Messesso. Second row: Elmer Crandlemere, Robert McGaughey, Ruth Kierstead, Anna Morton, Jean Drummond, Irene George. Front row: Willard Hamilton, Frank Baker, James Magee, Esther Severns, Rita Lang, Frances Sorocco, Norma Caswell.

MOVING PICTURES

Moving Pictures in school every other Wednesday have been mostly educational, scientific, travel, and of nature, with a few reels of comedy.

One scientific picture was the Mystery of Wireless which showed us how telephones were constructed, how electrons worked, and how wireless messages were sent over the world. Pillars of Salt showed how salt was farmed, how it was taken out of the earth, refined, and packed.

The Gate Way to the West was a three reel picture from the Yale Series; Nonook of the North in six reels, told of the life and customs of the people in the cold North. The Modern Hercules showed the making and shipping of dynamite; Steam Boats showed the first Steam Boats ever used up to the present day boats. Travel with Will Roger in Germany and in Ireland, Forest people of Central Africa, Houses of Tropics and the Arctic, a bit of Life in Java. The Mosaic all showed customs of these countries.

The International Ice Patrol showed the Coast Guard and their work in the ice-berg regions, warning other vessels of the icebergs.

The nature pictures were. Hunting Moose, showing close ups of many large ones on land and in the water; Ants, Nature's craftsmen, showing how the ants destroy and kill other insects and also harm things themselves.

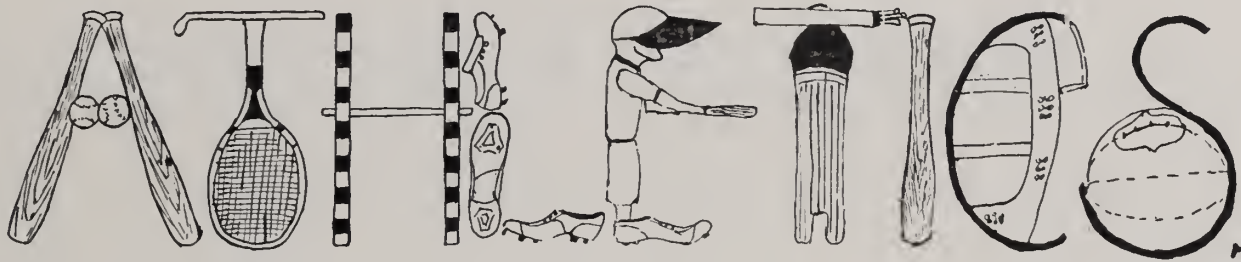
Then for a contrast we had five come-

dies: Aesops Fables, School Day's, Smitty, Watch our smoke, and College Days.

These moving pictures were given on May 8. Ten Years Ago, a war picture in two reels, showed many scenes on the battlefield, scenes of the American soldiers leaving this country, and arriving over there, of the Armistice day, and of the soldiers' reception upon returning to America. There were maps showing how the war had changed some countries and made new ones.

The next picture was The Raising of the Submarine S51 off Block Island. There was a diagram showing how the Submarine was sunk by the Steamship City of Rome on her way to New York. Her location was found by the oil on the top of the water. At first derricks were used to try to raise it to the surface, but these were nearly submerged in there effort. Work with the derricks was stopped. Nine months was spent in building pontoons, which are like large barrels with air valves and water valves. These also contain a large pipe where heavy chains are dropped through. The pontoons are filled with water and are sent to the bottom. Divers follow them to get the chains around the submarine. The water is then let out, and the air enters so that the pontoons rise to the top, thus bringing up the object. Three members of the submarine were saved.

There was also a one reel comedy. This was supposed to be a reproduction of parts of Uncle Tom's Cabin, when the dogs were crossing the ice.



MWH



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: Manager Norman Smith, Robert Martin, Wade Hooker, Captain John Sullivan, Francis Chase, Coach Mr. Walsh. Front row: Emory Mann, Francis Moran, Joseph Callahan, Leroy McKay, John Johnston.

BASKETBALL

Sumner's boys have received some excellent training this year by Mr. Walsh, our basketball coach. Most of the team this year are new at the game and need a lot of experience.

Prior to the regular season, we played two preliminary games with the Alumni. The first game was really a rough and tumble game for the ball. Our boys fumbled the ball and both clubs did a lot of fouling. The Alumni didn't have any set plays of any description, so the boys couldn't put into use the plays which Mr. Walsh had taught them. The second game was much better; we managed to keep the ball in our possession and scored against the Alumni. We lost the first but won the second.

Mr. Walsh had a club, called the Collegians, come from Brockton. They showed us real class in handling the ball. Hallamore was the leader of this club. They beat us easily; in fact, they didn't take half the shots they might have taken if they had wanted to.

The regular season started January 9 when our boys played West Bridgewater on the home floor. The game during the first half seemed very much in favor of Howard, Sumner having but a couple of baskets to her credit. In the second half, Mann broke loose and shot three or four

baskets from the middle of the floor. But try as they would, our boys couldn't catch up with the club from West Bridgewater. The game was fast and showed a marked improvement in the playing of our boys. Howard beat us by a score of 22—14. Roberts was referee of the game.

The second game of the season was the following Tuesday, January 12. This game was with Sharon, on our own court. Somehow our boys seemed to be all out of form that night. None of them seemed able to break loose. We lost by a score of 24—10.

During the following week, Mr. Walsh got the faculty team, made up of the men teachers of Randolph and Holbrook, to play us one afternoon. This team proved to be a good one. No wonder! Mr. Neal and Mr. Walsh played on it against us. There was plenty of scrapping for the ball, but nothing could be done to stop the onslaught of the faculty.

Friday, January 23, our boys went over to Randolph to give the Stetson boys a battle. The game proved to be slow the first half. However, Mr. Walsh gave us a snappy talk, while the girls were playing, and the second half showed the results of it. It was the roughest game our boys have played this year. During this half, we held them to three points and gained six or seven baskets ourselves. Hooker gave us a break,

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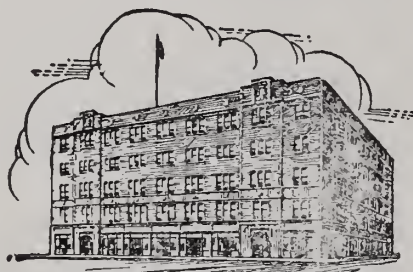


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when he popped two from the middle of the floor. We couldn't get enough, however, to make up for the lead the Stetson boys got in the first half. The game ended 27-17 in favor of Stetson.

Monday, January 26, our freshman and sophomore boys played Stetson's freshmen and sophomores. It was a lively game, and the teams were pretty well matched. Johnny Johnston gave us the victory when he shot a basket in the last few minutes of play. Sumner won by one point, 15-14.

Friday, January 30, a club of basketballers came over from St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Brockton. One of the boys on the team is a former student of Sumner High. This was a good game. Mr. Walsh kept practically the same club in during the entire game. True to form, Hooker went out on four personal fouls. In the first half, St. Paul had us 10-4. In the second quarter, the score was raised to 12-9, and it looked as if Sumner had a chance to catch up. At the beginning of the fourth quarter, the opposing team scored four or five baskets in quick succession. This was soon stopped and our boys got to work. During this quarter we scored nine more baskets, raising the score to 25-18 which proved to be the final score.

February 3, Stetson came over for a game. It proved to be much slower and not so rough as the game we played at Randolph. None of our boys broke any shooting records that night. The high scorer, Harold Walsh, only put in two baskets. Hooker was close behind him with three foul shots. (He also managed to keep his record of four personal fouls.) The score was kept down lower than in previous games. The game ended with a score of 22-15 in favor of Stetson. Carol Etelman was referee.

Two games in two days don't work very well for Sumner's boys. The fourth of February, the day after the Stetson game, wound up with the crushing defeat of 41-5 from Stoughton. Nobody got more than one basket. Somebody must have left his rabbit's foot at home. The boys were pretty much disheartened by two defeats in two days. Better luck next time! L. Lynch was referee. Hooker didn't get put out on fouls.

On February 10, we played the Alumni. What a difference in the way the Alumni play and the way the other teams play! Johnny Johnston, our freshman forward, showed some good playing that night. He sank three field goals and one foul shot. Callahan was second in the scoring line with two field goals and two foul shots. Nobody was put out on fouls. Eddie McCarthy refereed. The final score was 22-18 in favor of the High School.

One week and a day after the Alumni game, February 18, Pembroke came over for a game. This proved to be a good game. The score was about the same as usual, our boys getting beat by 28-15. Johnston again came out with two field goals.

The boys had a two weeks' rest between the Pembroke game and the game with Stoughton, at Stoughton, March 3. Many interesting things happened at this game.

First Stoughton put in the second team for the first quarter, and our boys did a good job on them. In the second quarter, Stoughton put in the first team and kept it in during the rest of the game except for one substitution when they put the second team center in for the last quarter. The first team was too much for Sumner, and by the end of the game, Stoughton had the lead by 37-26. One of Stoughton's boys got playful and decided that he wanted Mike Moran's pocket, during the last quarter. Poor Mike, minus that part of his suit where the pocket was, had to walk the whole length of the floor for a place to sit down.

Friday of the same week, March 6, we went to West Bridgewater. (And Mike's pants were at the tailor's). West Bridgewater has remodeled her gym so we played there instead of at the Town Hall as in former years. The gym ceiling is only about four feet above the baskets so that long shots are taboo. That's where we lost out. Howard beat us to the tune of 36-6.

So the scheduled season ended with but few victories to our credit. Don't despair. Remember our squad is made up of new men, and this is their first year. In the next two years, watch their progress under the able supervision of Mr. Walsh, our coach.

As it was impossible to start baseball at the close of the basketball season, Mr. Walsh had us play some inter-class games and also, a few games with next year's teams of West Bridgewater and Stoughton.

On Friday, the thirteenth (where's your rabbit's foot?) the freshmen played the Seniors, and the Sophs played the Juniors.

Johnny Johnston starred for the Freshmen as they beat the Seniors 22-21. For the seniors, Bruce Grindle suddenly came to life. Used to playing guard, and being shifted to forward, he got lost and presented the Freshmen with a basket. To prove that he was good, he immediately made a goal for the Seniors. He made four field goals and a foul shot.

In the Sophomore-Junior game, Johnny Watkins was the high scorer for the Juniors. It's rather surprising to see a lad who never plays except during gym period once a week, out score the regular player. Johnny Sullivan was second high scorer. For the Sophs, MacKay was the high scorer. The Juniors won by two or three baskets, but our scorer and assistant manager, Porter Jr., didn't feel inclined to write the final score in the score book.

The first game of the practice series was played at West Bridgewater, March 18. Our boys won the game by about 12-8, but Mr. Walsh had us play two overtime periods. The final score was 23-22 in favor of West Bridgewater. The West Bridgewater coach, Mr. Frellick, refereed.

The following Friday, March 20, Howard came over here. Our team beat them 10-8. During the game both coaches gave advice and instructions, by various means, while they were playing. Mr. Walsh refereed.

Emory H. Mann,
Sports Editor.

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GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: Miss Richardson, coach; Florence Tibbetts and Lillian George, managers. Second row: Helen Kelley, Eleanor Wood, Marieta Regan, Carolyn Jervey, Carol Coulter. Front row: Annie Johnston, captain.

Howard High vs. Holbrook

The first game of the season with Howard High of West Bridgewater was a set-back for Holbrook. Both teams showed splendid passwork, but Howard showed efficiency in sinking baskets, baffling the Holbrook guards. Holbrook girls had very good passwork all through the game, but Howard won by 35-23. This did not discourage Holbrook as they felt they would give them a good return game.

Holbrook vs. Foxboro

A bad start, but a good ending. This seems to be the way with the girls, but as Foxboro is a much larger and faster team Holbrook showed promising work under their coach, Miss Richardson. Foxboro and Holbrook played a good game, but Foxboro won with a score of 41 to 21.

Holbrook vs. Randolph

The most exciting game of the season for Holbrook was when they were playing their rivals, the Randolph sextette. It was exciting from start to finish, both teams trying to beat the other. The Holbrook forwards, Carol Coulter and Annie Johnston, held their own with the Randolph guards, while Eleanor Wood and Helen Kelley, both did excellent work as guards against Randolph's forwards who were very fast. The game was close all through, but Randolph got ahead with one basket, and the final score was 45 to 47.

Holbrook vs. Sharon

Holbrook girls came through with their first win against the Sharon girls. The Holbrook sextette got a good lead in the first half and kept it to the finish with a final score of 20 to 15, this victory giving the Holbrook girls courage so that they were ready for a return game.

Holbrook vs. Randolph

This was the game to which the Holbrook girls were looking forward. It was the better team of the two as they swamped the Randolph girls. The guards of Ran-

dolph could do nothing against the onslaught of Coulter and Johnston as they sank basket after basket. Both the center, Caroline Jervey and side center, Marieta Regan, showed their worth on the team, while Helen Kelly and Eleanor Wood kept the Randolph forwards to nine baskets during the whole game. The scorer for Randolph was Alice Murphy who did very good work. The final score was 45 to 18.

Holbrook vs. Stoughton

The Holbrook girls tried to beat the fast team of Stoughton High School but with little success. The Stoughton girls had very good passwork, and the Holbrook girls tried to break it up but with little success. The final score was Holbrook, 18; Stoughton, 38.

Holbrook vs. Stoughton

The Holbrook girls tried once more in a return game with the Stoughton girls to take the Stoughton girls by storm, but the fast team outdid the Holbrook girls by a score of 57-32. The Holbrook girls broke the pass work of the Stoughton sextette, but it wasn't strong enough to pull through. The high scorer for Stoughton was Laura Clement, and for Holbrook Annie Johnston.

Holbrook vs. Howard

The Holbrook troop basketeters traveled to West Bridgewater. Rumors were flying around that Holbrook was going to get beat. When the Howard rooters saw our team working out before the game, they quickly changed their minds. In the first and second half Holbrook girls were leading, and they held this lead almost to the finish, but one of our guards was put out on fouls. This gave the Howard girls a "break". They evened up the score to that of the Holbrook girls and finally won by a score of 37 to 38. Of course, there was plenty of cheering for Howard, but the Holbrook girls received their share of the honor too.

Holbrook vs. Sharon

This game was played in the afternoon

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at Sharon High School and for some reason the Holbrook girls could not get started, although they came through the victors. Caroline Jervey, our jumping center, and Marieta Regan, the side center, outwitted the Sharon girls, while Eleanor Wood and Helen Kelly played a very good game at guard. The Holbrook forwards Annie Johnston and Carol Coulter outdid the Sharon guards and came through with a final score of 27 to 23.

Holbrook vs. Bryantville

Holbrook has another victory, 20 to 16, to her credit although the teams played a different form of basketball than it usually did, but it worked very well. The Pembroke girls had a very good outfit, but as Holbrook's jumping center, Caroline Jervey, was so much taller, Holbrook could carry out its signals and as a result, of course, scored almost every time. Carol Coulter and Annie Johnston were the forwards for Holbrook, and they kept the Bryantville girls on the go all the time. The Bryantville girls would have liked to have a return game, but as they are called "The team without a Home", it was impossible to have a return game.

Annie Johnston, Captain, '31.

The girls' basketball season of 1930-31 was for the most part a great success.

The captain of the 1930-31 season was Annie Johnston, and managers, Florence Tibbetts and Lillian George, who performed their duties creditably.

The regular team consisted of Carolyn Jervey center, Carolyn being so tall that during the season no other center could outjump her; Marieta Regan, side-center, Marieta helping Carolyn every time to get the balls to our forwards; Helen Kelley and Eleanor Wood, guards, both of whom played very good basketball all through the season; and Carol Coulter and Annie Johnston forwards, this combination outwitting many guards and causing many other teams much anxiety.

The regular substitutes were Florence Mitchell, Frances Ahern, Kathryn Porter, and Ruth Hill.

The season, everybody has agreed, was a success. Much credit is due to Miss Richardson, our coach, and to Mrs. G. L. Neal.

Two of the players are being graduated, Annie Johnston, forward, and Marieta Regan, side-center, both of whom have been active in athletic work.



BASEBALL

Top row, left to right: John Watkins, Joseph Callahan, John Sullivan, George Kemp. Second row: Wade Hooker. First row: Leroy McKay, Nicholas Scolomero, Francis Moran, John Johnson, Clinton Leonard.

BASEBALL GAMES

West Bridgewater at Holbrook

This year Sumner opened its baseball season on April 17, with a bang, playing West Bridgewater at Holbrook. Callahan slammed out a two-bagger in the first inning. Kemp was pitching in great form, getting seventeen strikeouts to his credit. The score was 4-3 in Holbrook's favor. The battery was Kemp and Moran.

Thayer Academy at Braintree

Tuesday, April 28, Sumner played Thayer Academy at Braintree. Kemp, besides pitching a great game, slammed out a three-bagger in the fifth inning. Johnny Johnston made a sensational catch in center field. The score was 6-5 in favor of Holbrook. The battery was Kemp and Moran.

Sharon at Holbrook

Thursday, April 30, Sumner played Sharon on its home grounds. Luck suddenly changed for Sumner when the Sharon boys gave the Holbrook boys a beating of 10-0. The battery was Kemp, Sullivan, Callahan, and Moran.

Thayer Academy at Holbrook

The fourth game of the season was played on Tuesday, May 5, with Thayer Academy. The Thayer club surprised the Holbrook boys by giving them a beating of 17-6. Hooker was substituted for Kemp in the pitcher's box, but was later taken out, and trusty old Joe Callahan took his place. Sullivan also substituted for Moran behind the bat.

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Braintree At Holbrook

On Wednesday, May 27, Holbrook played Braintree on its home grounds. The local boys showed great playing ability in this game. Callahan was the heavy hitter, getting a three bagger and a double. Kemp pitched a no hit, no run game up to the sixth inning when he seemed too good for the Braintree boys and was replaced by Sullivan. The final score was 21-4 in favor of Holbrook, nearly all of the Holbrook boys reaching first at least once. The battery for Holbrook was Kemp, Sullivan and Moran.

The line-up of this season's team is as follows: pitchers, Kemp, Sullivan, and Callahan; catcher, Moran; first, second and third basemen, Martin, Leonard, and Hooker respectively; shortstop, J. Watkins; left, center, and right fielders, Scolemario, J. Johnston, and Callahan respectively; and substitute player, McKay.

Sharon at Sharon

On Tuesday, May 12, Sumner played Sharon at Sharon. This game was wholly different from the game at Holbrook. Callahan was the heavy hitter of the game, hitting a triple in the first inning. The game went to the Sharon boys after a hard battle. The battery for Holbrook was Kemp and Moran.

Avon at Avon

On Tuesday, May 19, Sumner played Avon. The Holbrook boys started off the game with a volley of five runs in the first inning. Leonard was the heavy hitter for Holbrook, hitting a two-bagger. Swanson, on the Avon club, hit a home run. The score was 11-6 in favor of Avon. The battery for Holbrook was, Kemp, Callahan, and Moran.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

*Holbrook vs. West Bridgewater	April 17
*Holbrook vs. Thayer Academy	April 23
Holbrook vs. Sharon	April 30
Holbrook vs. Thayer Academy	May 5
*Holbrook vs. Sharon	May 12
†*Holbrook vs. Canton	May 14
*Holbrook vs. Avon	May 19
†Holbrook vs. Canton	May 21
*Holbrook vs. Braintree	May 27
*Holbrook vs. Randolph	June 1
Holbrook vs. Braintree	June 3
*Holbrook vs. West Bridgewater	June 4
Holbrook vs. Avon	June 5
Holbrook vs. Randolph	June 10
*Holbrook vs. East Bridgewater	June 16
Holbrook vs. East Bridgewater	June 19
* Away From Home.	
† Postponed.	

Smith had just finished giving the provisions of Clay's Omnibus Bill, and at the conclusion, Mr. Neal asked.

"What does that sound like, Annie?"
Annie: "A lot of words."

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

The merry month of June approaches now;
Of all the months the brightest and most fair;
When flowers bloom, the sun shines all the day,
And warm and pleasant is the balmy air.

We Seniors, when the month of June comes 'round,
Become more thoughtful, thinking of the day
Which now draws on so swiftly, when we must
Get out and start our journey on life's way.

For four long years we've been in high school now,
But in a short time we will all be through.
Old Sumner High, we scarce can realize
That we're about to say farewell to you.

A score of us, that's all that now remain
Of thirty-six who entered in the fall
Of nineteen twenty-seven. Now we part.
Until we meet, farewell, my classmates all.
N. A. Smith, '31.

A STOWAWAY

A never-ending stream of folk
Pass thru the trainshed's choky smoke.
Outside the "el" trains shriek and grind.
Oh, leave this clamor all behind.

A sea breeze bears the ocean spray,
And I am off to Boston bay.
I hear a freighter blow her horn.
She will be far away by dawn.

The brawny crew pull in the ropes,
And to the sky soar all my hopes.
I clamber up the starboard side
And down beneath the life boat hide.

A salty tang new life bestows
As o'er the waves it gaily blows,
And we are bound for Singapore—
I should have thought of that before.
Marian Jervey, '31.

AT DURFEE HIGH

At half past one we all rushed out,
And not a one of us did pout.
For Durfee High we all were bound
If, by chance, it could be found.

Hot chocolate was served at the school;
This sure was good, for the day was cool.
Then to our separate meetings we went,
Each on a different mission bent.

For an hour we danced in Durfee's hall,
But all were ready for the dinner call.
A delicious meal was on the table,
And we ate all that we were able.

We then enjoyed a program fine,
Lasting until a little past nine.
Riding home did not seem long
As Hayden amused us with his song.
Helen Morse.

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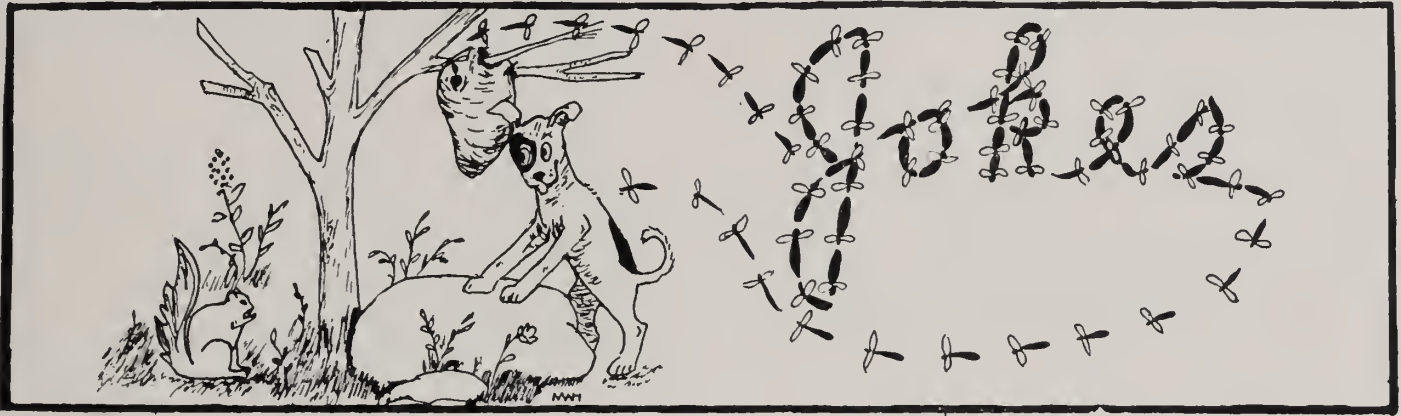
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Taylor: My feet burn like the dickens. Do you think a mustard bath would help?

Martin: Sure! There's nothing better than mustard for hot dogs.

* * * *

Mike: Who was that peach that I saw you out with last night?

McKay: She wasn't a peach, she was a grapefruit.

Mike: Why a grapefruit?

McKay: I squeezed her, and she hit me in the eye.

* * * *

Captain: All hands on deck! The ship is leaking.

Voice from fo'c's'le: Aw put a pan under it and go to bed.

* * * *

J. Sullivan left his umbrella in the stand in a hotel recently with a card bearing the following inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow—250 pounds weight. I shall be back in 10 minutes.

On returning to claim his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

This card was left by a man who can run 12 miles an hour. I shall *not* be back.

* * * *

Mr. Walsh (In geography class): "What is Boston noted for?"

John Mullin: "Boots and shoes."

Mr. Walsh: "Correct, and Chicago?"

Mullin: "Shoots and booze."

* * * *

The English class had been told to write an essay on Lincoln, and Bernard wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the 12th day of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

* * * *

G. Dyer: Who invented work?

Fond Mother: You should worry; you'll never infringe on his patent.

* * * *

Mr. Walsh: The camel can go eight days without water.

Mullin (to seatmate): So could I if Ma would let me.

* * * *

Inspector excitedly: The car is running away! Use your brakes.

Felix: I can't—they have failed.

Inspector disgustedly: All right then, but at least pick out something cheap to hit.

Bob. Martin: Where do insects go in winter?

H. Dunford: Search me!

B. Martin: Oh, I just wanted to know.

* * * *

Cop: Could you identify your car if you saw it?

B. Martin: Yes. It had a dent in the bumper.

* * * *

G. Sears: (On the balcony) Are you comfortable, dear?

R. Hutchins: Yes, but why couldn't you have got seats in the orchestra?

* * * *

George E.: Miss Maguire, is it all right to have Lincoln for a biography?

Miss Maguire: Yes, if you can understand it, but I thought he was above your understanding.

George E.: Why, how tall is he?

* * * *

J. Mack: What shall we do tonight?

J. Smith: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads, we go to a show; tails, we go to a dance; and if it stands on edge, we study.

* * * *

"This poem is very good," remarked Miss Megley during an English class.

"Is it your own work?"

"Yes" replied H. Walsh.

"Then I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Shakespeare; I heard you had been dead a long time."

* * * *

Norman Smith: "Gimme a quarter's worth of rat poison."

H. Wiggins: "Do you want to take it with you?"

Norman Smith: "Naw, I'll send the rats in after it."

* * * *

J. Sullivan: Last week I bought a harmonica, and now I can play harmony.

H. Smith: S'nothing—three years ago I bought a violin and I have always played vilely.

* * * *

Mr. Neal: This is the fifth time I have punished you this week. What have you to say?

A. Coe: I am darn glad it's Friday.

* * * *

Miss Collins (in shorthand class): If there is a word you can't find, write it in English.

R. Whitcomb: What is that word?

Freshman: My old man is one of the big directors on Wall Street.

Sophomore: Really!

Freshman: Yes, he directs traffic at Wall and Massare streets.

* * * *

Miss Murphy was testing the freshman's voice.

"Can you sing?" she queried.

"Only two tunes," came the answer. "Pop Goes the King, and God Save the Weasel".

* * * *

Wade Hooker: What do they call little brown horses in Canada?

J. Johnston: I don't know. What?

Wade Hooker: Colts.

* * * *

It happened one chilly morning in Miss Richardson's room, when the fair sex were shivering in the cold atmosphere.

"Please keep quiet for just one minute til the heat comes on," requested Miss Richardson.

"One minute." came a shocked exclamation. "By that time we'll be stiff."

* * * *

She (complainingly): You don't dress as nicely as you did when you first came to see me.

He: Why not? These are the clothes I first came in.

* * * *

Johnny Watkins: I read in the paper yesterday that a man ate three hard boiled chickens, a peck of potatoes, a half pint of salad, sixteen assorted pies and topped it off with seven quarts of ice cream. Then he up and died.

Duck Crane: Well, he had about all there was in life.

* * * *

Melbourne Smith: "Say, Dutch, who's boss around your house, anyway; you or your mother?"

Edith Killen: "Well, Mother assumes command over the dog and the cat and the other important affairs, but I can say pretty much what I like to the goldfish."

* * * *

Sully: "Hey, Wiggins, to what do you owe your great success in selling tickets to old women?"

Wiggins: "To the first five words that I utter when an old lady opens the door."

Sully: "And what are they?"

Wiggins: "Miss, is your mother in?"

* * * *

Wade Hooker: "Oh, it certainly seems good to be dancing again."

Grace Kelly: "Yes, I suppose there's nothing like the feeling of a good toe under your foot again."

* * * *

An over heard conversation between two juniors.

Ransom Whitcomb: "A fortune teller said I should go to prison for stealing money entrusted to me."

Joe Callahan: "Don't believe it. Who would entrust money to you?"

Malcolm Andrew: "Some people think it is against the law to be cheerful."

Albert Smith (Brightly) "Well, we could issue happiness permits."

* * * *

Chase (A patient) "Say, Doc, I asked that nurse to put a hot water bottle at my feet, and she just turned up her nose and walked away."

Doctor: "Well, what did you expect? She's the head nurse."

Chase: "Good Heavens! do they specialize to that extent? Please get me the foot nurse, then."

* * * *

Doctor: It's most essential that you should refrain from doing headwork during the next month.

"Oofy" MacPherson: Yes, doctor, but it's my living!

Doctor: O, are you a scholar?

"Oofy: No, I'm a barber."

* * * *

Joe: "I discovered a way to keep a fountain pen from leaking."

Bob: "That so? Let me in, please."

Joe: "Forget to put ink in it."

* * * *

Pedestrian: Hey, why don't you blow your horn?

J. Walsh: Who do you think I am? Little Boy Blue?

* * * *

W. MacPherson: (Shaving a customer) Will you have anything on your face when I finish?

Customer: It doesn't seem likely.

* * * *

As one hen said to the other when Bruce Grindle went by, "There's the guy I'm laying for."

* * * *

B. Grindle from High School: Have you an opening for a bright energetic high school boy?

Office Manager: Yes, and don't slam it on your way out.

* * * *

J. Feeney: I think I'll open an office when I graduate.

Freshman: I'll probably turn out to be a janitor, too.

* * * *

Rita Hutchins, admiringly: When you got your first job, were you fired with enthusiasm?

Boy-friend: Was I? I never saw a man so glad to get rid of me in my life.

* * * *

Bobby: "Why doesn't our canary sing any more?"

Mother: "Because he's moulting, dear,"

Bobby: "I wish Aunt May would moult."

* * * *

Miss Collins: I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty.

Judge: Steady now, or you'll be backing into something.

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